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PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

Diamond

SPRING

1965



"When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil . . er . . ah . . Reginald Heber, 1783-1826"

Diamond

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EDITORIAL....

MOLLYCODDLING and OTHERWISE

by RHA

Slowly, but surely, Canada is catching up to the rest of the world as far as penal reform is concerned. However, there are still people who are digging their heels in the ground, intent on personal vengeance.

The surprising part of it all is that no inmate really believes he has it 'made' in prison. Prison is not a set of regulations, or a variety of restrictions on comforts...it is a **denial of freedom**. All the privileges and luxuries in the world could not compensate a person for his loss of freedom.

If there are men who return again and again to prison, it is because the archaic method of correcting wrongdoers and delinquents have caused them to become institutionalized. These wretched creatures have spent so much time under the jurisdiction and control of others that they have gradually lost the power and desire to think for themselves. The number of privileges and luxuries, the so-called 'mollycoddling', has nothing to do with it. There were as many repeaters for this reason 40 years ago as there are today.

In the United States, where prison conditions are still far from what they ought to be, but still years ahead of Canada, a breakthrough seems to have been made during the past several years to prove the effectiveness of reasonable

treatment, with concern for the individual.

The Federal Bureau of Prisons has announced a drop of 5.2% in prison population since 1961. Some states, notably North Carolina, Iowa, and Michigan have reported drops as high as 7.6%. The last three states are among the most progressive in penal reform.

Not long ago, a minimum wage was proposed for inmates in Canadian Federal Penitentiaries. Since that time, the proposal has been relegated to the limbo of legislative study.

A howl of righteous protest sounded when this announcement was made. Some feared strikes by inmates for higher wages, others feared competition with 'free' tradesmen; there were claims ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Another example of 'mollycoddling' and encouraging criminals, came the cry.

But the fact of the matter is that the Federal Prison System in the United States has had some form of monetary compensation since 1941... 25 years ago. During the fiscal year 1964, the Federal Prisons Industries deposited some four million dollars profit in the Treasury of the United States. Since the year of its inception, the system has realized approximately \$55 million pro-

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fit. And this in addition to paying some 5,000 inmates monthly salaries as high as \$80 per month, and averaging \$36 per month.

Inmates send most of their money to dependents. Single prisoners save for the day they will be released.

The U. S. Federals have made it work and without strikes for higher wages, or competition with 'free' enterprises.

And while Canada is still contemplating, gingerly, following this line, the Americans have **lengthened their stride** and seem to have successfully initiated another experiment.

In North Carolina, some 600 men work on 'outside' jobs, in offices, factories, shops, earning salaries ranging from 85 cents per hour to \$15,000 per year. From this sum, inmates **pay their keep** in prison, including transportation to and from work, **support their dependents**, and **save for the day they will be released**. During the two years the program has been in effect, prison population has decreased by approximately 6% this in a state that expected its prison population to have increased by

some 14% over the same period before institution of the program. North Carolina hopes to eventually place 50% of its prisoners in some facet of this program.

Is all this 'moddycoddling' of the prisoner doing things his way? Perhaps it is. But it is also doing it the way society wants it to at least, a sane society. The goal of a sane and reasonable society should be to reform and return a criminal to a normal way of life as soon as possible. It's obvious the old way hasn't worked; there is some indication that the intelligent approach does have some advantage.

One often hears the protest: "Those guys have it better than I do, and I have to pay for their upkeep." That may be true, as far as some people in Canada are concerned, but only for those on welfare. The individual who claims the physical comforts of a prisoner exceeds his, and means it, can't be paying much in the way of taxes. And he can't have much regard for his freedom, because in the long run, the loss of freedom is what makes a prison.

Nine Enrolled Here For Surveying Course

Nine Collin's Bay inmates have signed up for the second presentation of a surveying course **taught here by inmate James Law**.

The course graduated 11 inmates the first offering last year.

The new students re: Kavelman, Kelly, Pickford, Belcher, Byers, Naug-

ler, Myerscough, Coyle, and Teeple.

The course consists of five phases and covers a period of approximately three months. It is the first to be taught here by an inmate. It covers the principles and instruments of surveying, and is sponsored by the vocational training department here.

15 Tour C.B.; K.P.

Union Official's Views On Kingston Area Prisons

(Editor's Note:— During the last week in January of this year, members of the Labour Representatives Association of Toronto visited the Kingston area prisons, including Calderwood. In the letter which follows, Mr. Elmer Renaud, president and business representative for the group, gives his candid opinions of what he and his associates saw and concluded. The letter is unexpurged.)

March 22, 1965

Editor,
The Diamond,
Collin's Bay Penitentiary,
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Mr. A.—:

A little better than a month ago Mr. Kirkpatrick of the John Howard Society of Ontario sent me a copy of your letter to him. He asked me to get in touch with you at that time, but, due to the exceptionally heavy pressure of union business, I have been unable to do so. I felt I would be wiser to wait until I could give you the time necessary to deal with your request for information more effectively.

First of all, I will explain the circum-

stances that contributed to the reason for our visit to the Kingston area prisons on January 26th and 27th last.

In November, 1964, Mr. Kirkpatrick was the guest speaker at our monthly luncheon meeting. He is but one of a variety of speakers invited to address us; each speaker usually representing a particular type of service. We have had speakers from the federal, provincial, and municipal levels of government, cabinet ministers, department heads, mayors of Toronto and other local municipalities, clergymen, lawyers, and business and community leaders. Mr. Kirkpatrick, in dealing with his subject, brought us in touch with a field that was far different than the ordinary ones referred to above.

In putting forth the case for prison inmates and the problems they face on being released, Mr. Kirkpatrick felt we could be a determining influence in furthering the work of the John Howard Society. This naturally involved the prejudice and mistrust ex-inmates face in gaining employment. A most formidable force against an ex-inmate is the problems he might face at the hands of fellow workmen in a place he did obtain employment. For instance, Mr. Kirkpatrick said a prison background might be thrown up at a man were he to incur the displeasure of fellow employees for various reasons.

Mr. Kirkpatrick concluded his address to us by referring to trades and training taught in the various institutions. He gave us a brief description of the facilities that are available at various appetites to learn more to the extent of the Kingston area prisons. He whetted that, through his efforts, we were able to make the very interesting visit we did to the institutions concerned.

First of all, we began our tour by visiting the Calderwood staff college in Kingston. Here we were given a fairly comprehensive idea of the fact that all federal guards and instructors in Canada's federal prisons are given a pretty good course on their duties, prior to actually starting work in the prisons. It was not just a case of a prospective guard being given a set of keys and instructed to watch over those removed from society. On this point alone, we received an education to the effect that the modern prison guard must be psychologically competent first of all. His educational background must be better than average, and his I. Q. more so. We felt Calderwood would be the logical place to begin our tour, and the planning was excellent.

Our tour of K. P. perhaps made the greatest impression, because here we found that there simply was not enough to do to keep the inmates occupied. Practically everything we saw here consisted of repetitive simple types of work merely time-filling in purpose. Everything seemed to be lacking in objective and the utter futility and frustration was evident on all sides. The one bright picture seemed to be that a number of cells bore evidence that their occupants were quite dexterous in handicrafts. K. P. is just, in our opinion, a place to kill time, with very little, if anything,

outstanding feature of K. P. is its maximum security appearance and ever-present reminder that it is a cold, bleak institution approximately 130 years old. Despite the age of the buildings, they are kept in a surprisingly clean and with which to kill it. Of course, the neat condition. More facilities should be available for academic education.

Collins Bay, from a vocational standpoint, is most impressive. The shops are well-equipped, although the equipment itself needs modernizing in some respects. Here there is ample evidence that an honest, determined effort is being made to prepare inmates for life on the 'outside'. Unfortunately, the lack of extensive projects is severely handicapping the prison instructors to instruction on a broader basis. Co-operation of on a broader basis. Co-operation of Kingston area businessmen is needed in order that the trainees may learn to do high pressure work under actual conditions. In the sheetmetal shop, for instance, the types and samples of work indicated the potential type of work that could be turned out. The same situation applies to the machine shop, where there are excellent examples of zero-tolerance work. The automotive shop indicates that a high calibre of work could be carried out on a most extensive scale. We saw examples of repair work done to office desks, etc. No doubt Collins Bay, in this respect, could manufacture a considerable amount of office furniture for the penitentiaries as well as the Justice Department itself.

The feeling of our group was that the Kingston area businessmen could be instrumental in performing a valuable service to the vocational program of the prisons there. A certain amount of work that is performed outside of

Kingston should be diverted to the prisons, both in repair and manufacturing. This would provide a valuable source of training that would be equally invaluable in expanding the training and trades program. This would not only contribute to the morale of prison inmates, but would give them an extra incentive to prepare themselves to fit into useful employment upon their release from prison.

As well as being president of the Labour Representatives Association of Toronto, I am a business representative of the International Association of Mach-

inists. With me on the tour were 14 fellow representatives from the following unions: Department Stores and Bakery Workers, Teamsters, Beverage Dispensers, Plumbers, and Ontario Federation of Labour. All are members of our association.

Trusting my comments will be of value to you, I am

Yours very truly,

/s/ Elmer Renaud

/t/ Elmer Renaud

Business representative.



"Many's the slip between payroll and parole . . ."

WOODHOUSE SHOW IS LOCAL HIT

by W. K. M.

Billy Steele, a Negro singer with a wonderful voice, and Katie Murtagh, who might be best described as a Canadian edition of that vanishing breed, 'the Red Hot Momma', were the smash hits of an outstanding variety show brought to the institution, Sunday, Mar. 25.

Steele, who accompanied himself on the piano, moved easily through a number of numbers, and culminated his performance with a racy number called "Upstairs" that almost brought the house down.

Miss Murtagh moved easily through several popular songs, interspersing wisecracks which tended to silence the front row comedians.

The show was brought to the institution by Joe Woodhouse, a Kingston impresario, who also emceed the afternoon's proceedings. Mr. Woodhouse usually brings in at least one show a year.

The card was well-balanced and there was not really a weak spot in it. In addition to Steele and Miss Murtagh, the other performers included Joanie Groves, Orv Wainman, Terry Lane, Tony Frazoa, Dennis Curtis, and the Classics.

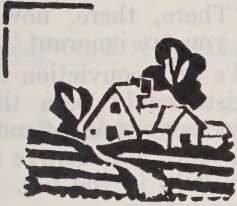
The majority of the performers were professionals from the Kingston area, or from other cities in Ontario.

Joanie Groves and Terry Lane were blonde songstresses, with fine voices. Orv Wainman and Dennis Curtis added humour to the show, Tony Frazoa sang and played his own piano compositions, one of which, a Bosa Nova number, was excellent, and the Classics threw in 'Rock and Roll' and 'Beatle-type' concoctions for the more energetic and restless set.

Curtis synchronized mimicking and mouthing of several Theresa Brewer numbers, complete with wig and dress, was also a big hit.

The consensus of opinion among the spectators was that it was one of the best shows here in at least two years, rivaled only by the show brought in last year by Mr. Woodhouse, and which starred famed Canadian pantomimist Rich Little.

The local arrangements for the performance were made through the co-operative efforts of the Inmate Committee and Recreation Supervisor Jim Edmonds, who retired at the end of March.



*Dreams are About
Nightmares, too...*

MORTGAGE MANOR

by Lex Schrag

*"Old men commonly dream oftener,
and have their dreams more painful,
than young."*

Thomas Hobbes, 1651.

Reform Institutions Minister Allan Grossman has recently declared that if the public would reduce the cost of crime, it must assist the law enforcement agencies. The churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of sublimation in the easterly metempsychosis of Scarborough, will gladly donate some of his finest nightmares to this worthy cause. They can be put to use, the churl is confident, with only minor advances in existing neurosurgical techniques.

Most literate citizens understand the operation of an electroencephalograph. It has been found that electrical stimuli, introduced in certain area of the brain, produce predictable reactions. In science fiction, the concept that behavior can be controlled by electrohypnotically implanted hallucinations is by no means uncommon. The churl admits there may be a few details yet to be worked out, but he is confident the day is not too distant when offenders will be given a jolt of low-amperage current to straighten them up.

There are three evil visions that invade his uneasy sleep and herd him, willy-nilly, along the path of probity, which he would put at Mr. Grossman's disposal as soon as they can be recorded.

The most vividly horrifying of these nightmares pictures the churl at the wheel of a powerful car, roaring along a crowded highway at more than 90 miles an hour and unable to slow down. This fearful fantasy is particularly annoying to the churless because her flabby spouse tends to scream raucously and try to throw her out of bed before he crashes into something solid.

Another of his nocturnal visitations sets the churl to whimpering and moaning in his sleep. He dreams that he has been sent to prison for some unspecified crime, and that for years to come his horizon will be bounded by stone walls and iron bars. He awakens wringing with perspiration, muttering, "I was framed! I was framed!"

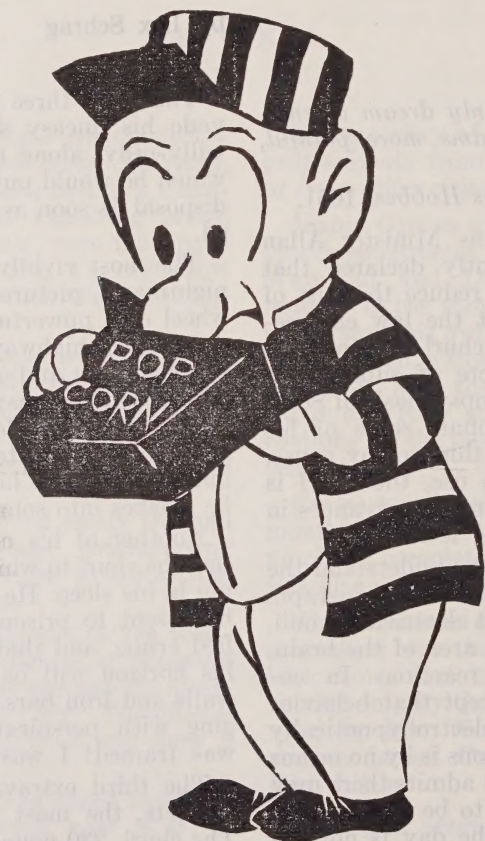
The third extravaganza is, in some respects, the most painful of the lot. The churl, 230 pounds of blubber, finds himself wedged into a seat in a school classroom filled with children not yet in their 'teens'. According to the script,

the churl has been in Grade 8 for the past three years...and will have to stay there until he finally passes a high school entrance examination or dies.

When he was so foolish as to report this nightmare to his willowy wife, she patted him gently on the skull and

soothed him: "There, there, now! I love you even if you are ignorant."

It is the churl's firm conviction that if the neurologists could pass these dreams along to convicted offenders they would have more reformatory effect than three months in the jug.



"They give new cars in cigarettes, money under bottle caps, why not a parole in pop corn boxes?"

Recidivism Debunked

American Research Program Reveals Prison Repeaters Not As Many As Expected

by Diamond Staff

(Editor's Note: The following article is a compilation of several articles with the majority of the information being drawn from an article in the February 1965 issue of the Lens, Lewisburg, Penn., a U. S. federal prison.)

What do you think the odds are of you coming back to prison? According to figures floating around in various journals and spouted about by many armchair experts, they range anywhere from 70 to 85%.

At least, that's what we have been lead to believe, and quite possibly, that's what many well-meaning penologists believe also. But, according to a study undertaken by Dr. Danial Glaser, a University of Illinois sociologist, the figures are much lower.

Although Dr. Glaser's study was centered on the U.S. Federal Prison System, the U.S. Parole Board, and the Federal Probation System, there are enough similarities in Canada and the Canadian system, to safely assume his findings are closely applicable.

Of course, Dr. Glaser's findings did not startle most informed penologists - the invalidity of the inflated figures has been known for some time.

James V. Bennett, former head of the U.S. Prison System, testifying before a Senate Sub-Committee, January 22, 1964, said:

"It's true that about 70% of those we receive have previously been committed to some institution somewhere under a sentence of more than one year. For certain offenses, as for example auto theft and forgery, the percentage is even higher - around 80%. But the fact that more than two-thirds of our commitments are repeaters does not mean that more than two-thirds of our released prisoners get into trouble again. The general public and many academicians in the field of criminology have mistakenly subscribed to this misconception all too often. A recently completed five year study plan made by the University of Illinois, under a Ford Foundation grant, put a lie to this assumption. They found that 65% made good and at least over a period of several years were not again convicted of any crime."

Dr. Glaser's study began in 1957 and involved two years of field operations in five federal institutions of different types and in several different U. S. probation and parole offices. It also entailed collection of data concerning prisoner attitudes in other institutions and adjustments of prisoners released from institutions of the Federal Prison system. He also devoted almost three years more to analyze the collected data and to prepare a book which was published last year by Bobbs-Merrill.

The study was financed by a \$250,000 grant by the Ford Foundation to the University of Illinois. Furthermore, the Federal Bureau of Prisons supported the grant application and co-operated in numerous ways with Dr. Glaser throughout the project, as did the U. S. Parole Board and Federal Probation.

Dr. Glaser's study revealed that the assumed rate of recidivism has been based on data collected on prisoners in confinement, or as they returned to prison. But he found the highest recidivist rate to be 50%--and this happened only in states where more serious and persistent offenders tended to go to prison and where relatively large numbers were imprisoned by the Parole Board for technical violations. Basically, his studies showed actual recidivism ranged from only 30 to 40%.

As to release from Federal prisons, Dr. Glaser discovered that only about 60% experienced no convictions, including misdemeanors, over a period which averaged $3\frac{1}{2}$ years from the date of the prison discharge. Further, only 35% were returned to prison for felony offenses, or for violating conditions of their release.

In other words, from this representative group of 1,000 men from prison, the recidivism rate was only one half of that which has been previously (and erroneously) assumed to apply to prisoners in general.

Aside from the cold figures, Dr. Glaser's findings have great significance, and are well worth the attention and consideration of Canadian penologists, administrators of correctional institutions, and parole authorities. While the U. S. Federal System and the Canadian Federal System differ in regards to sentencing procedure there appears to be a great deal of overlapping in theories, findings, and assumptions.

The U. S. figures might prove to be even lower in Canada because of this difference in prison inmates. Generally, the U. S. federal prisoner is a more sophisticated, intelligent--and confirmed criminal--than his Canadian federal counterpart. He rates a federal sentence only for such crimes as grand fraud schemes, which involve the mails and crossing of borders; counterfeiting U. S. currency and securities; for elaborate forgery operations which involve the crossing of state borders, and robberies and burglaries of federally protected banks. In the Canadian system, a man can be sent to federal prison for crimes ranging from strong arm robbery to sex offenses. And the federal system in the U. S. does not confine anyone under 21 years in a penitentiary.

Dr. Glaser found that the age of release at the time of release is an **important factor** in whether or not a person is likely to be reimprisoned--suggesting that people seem to 'grow out' of criminal patterns of behavior. Moreover, he found that some kinds of offenders, age aside, are less prone to repeated crimes than others. (He concluded that those convicted of offenses of violence, or of embezzlement, ordinarily do not become recidivists--but that those convicted of car thefts and forgery do.)

In addition, he found that recidivism prospects are affected by such things as family interests, availability of suitable employment, and whether the ex-offender lives in an area where he frequently encounters former **criminal associates**.

Dr. Glaser does not see criminals as any single class, nor necessarily falling into clearly **distinct groups**.

He sees most ex-convicts--over 90%--as having at least some desire to achieve success in a law-abiding life. But they differ in motivation, resources, and personal capacities. He concludes that over a period of years, some will become clearly law-abiding and well adjusted, some frequent and persistent offenders, and some others will become occasional offenders, or people who have a marginal adjustment.

An individual's intelligence, and his desire to reform, seemed to hand in hand. The more intelligent a person the more quickly he appears able to rehabilitate and desire a more socially accepted form of existence.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

'It is a mockery of law to speak of the 'obviously guilty'. Obvious to whom? To demand a man's conviction because 'nobody doubts in the slightest that he is guilty' is to propagate only a slightly blurred vision of lynch law.'

Emmett John Hughes
Newweek Columnist

'After one third of a century assisting in the propelling of people into prison, I am leaning toward the belief of some great scientists that prisons should be abolished. I know of no person I have sent to prison who, because of his sentence, emerged as a better man.'

Judge Philp Forman
Chief, Federal Dist. of N.J.

SPEECH NOTES

Favreau On Rehabilitation

Excerpts from the notes of the Honourable Guy Favreau, Minister of Justice and Attorney General of Canada, from a speech given November 5th, 1964, at the Canadian Club, Montreal, before the Societe Canadienne de Criminologie.

(Translation printed in the John Howard Society of Ontario Monthly News Letter.)

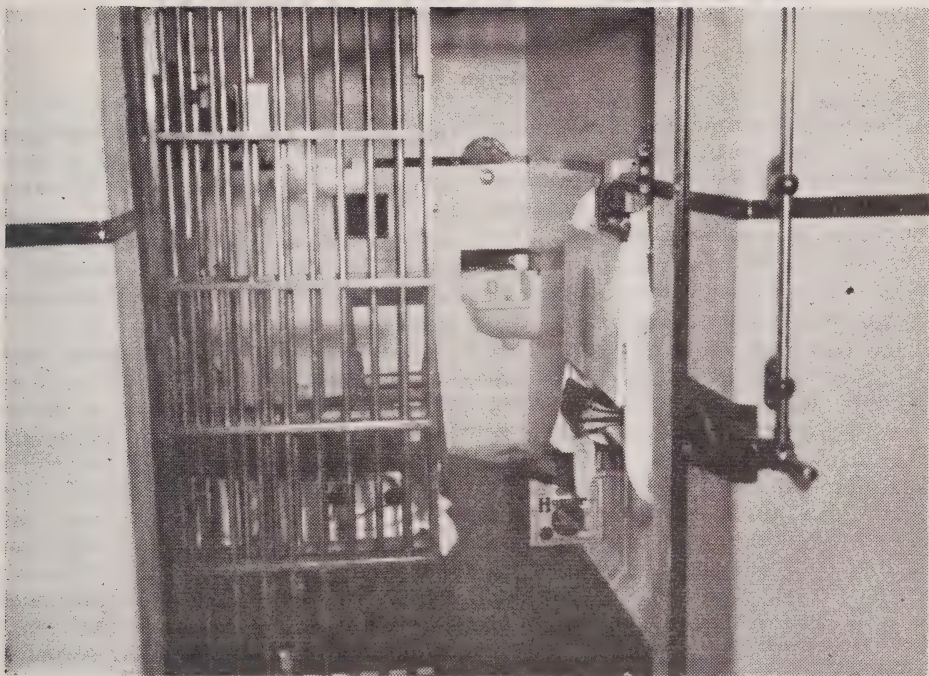
"It must be observed that in the long run, punishment promises society no real security. The only lasting way to prevent offenders from falling back into crime... unless we imprison them all for life... is to change their antisocial attitudes. This technique seeks first to convince the delinquent that he can fulfill himself as an individual, as a member of his family, and as a member of his community; then it seeks to guarantee him the practical means of achieving such fulfillment. This transformation of his attitude, and this practical preparation for entering society, are the essence of rehabilitation."

"Punishment, at least in serious cases, appears then as the framework and instrument of this rehabilitation. In a word, we do not punish in order to punish; we punish, when it is manifestly

useful, in order to reform. We measure punishment to make possible the offender's re-education. A sentence inadequate to allow re-education is bad, because it excludes redemption; a sentence which punishes beyond what is required for re-education is faulty, because it stifles the benefits of re-education in despair and bitterness. The just sentence is that which restrains the physical person in order to free the moral person.

"At bottom, this aim of liberation is not different from the aim which should inspire society as a whole. Freeing the inborn talents of each citizen, opening to each personality the way to complete fulfillment means the calming of all psychological and moral tensions which threaten the community. For the anti-social man is a flouted man; he is a man who has lost the hope of fulfilling himself within a legality to which his values are not adjusted. If we content ourselves with vengeance against such an individual, we also give up the community's protection as soon as the gesture of punishment has ended; if on the other hand, we seek to salvage him and reorient him positively, we more than protect society: we enrich it."

"This whole argument rests, obviously, on a faith in the intrinsic value of every human person. To believe in rehabilitation, one must believe in the



“If we content ourselves with vengeance . . .”

deep-seated dignity of the individual ... whatever his past may be. If one does not believe in this dignity, one denies the major premise of all Western civilization. For its part, the federal government intends to prove that it accepts this premise; it intends to create a correctional system which will protect society by helping all its members, including the weak, the sick and the un-

balanced, to live a constructive life therein.

“In order to reconcile thus the rights of the community and those of the delinquent individual, we must make profound changes in our correctional universe. Isolated reforms, dispensed a few at a time, are futile; our corrections need a certible Magna Charta—a plan that is clear, systematic and global.”

Dreams Versus Reality

by Bryan Auger

All of us doing time dream. We may dream of fancy cars, booze, women, the poolroom, or local bar; some may just dream of the day we can go home to our loved ones and enjoy the simpler things life has to offer.

Whatever our dreams may be, though they will never materialize, or at least will not last long, until we learn stability; go out and work at something legitimate, and be content with these activities.

For an ex-con to find a good paying job is often difficult. The general attitude towards an ex-con is a negative one, and the public tends to rationalize that if a man has spent a number of years in prison, he is without productive skill, or training. Therefore, it is most important that we take every available opportunity to turn our prison time into useful hours of study.

The education and training program offered, while in prison, is a beginning towards our goals. Today, more education and training are needed by everyone in order to keep up, and even people on the 'outside' are striving to do so.

We cannot afford to face the 'outside' life again, and not realize that a lot of us have attitudes different from the

square john'. There may be resentments desire for revenge, hurt pride, a sense of inadequacy and real losses. We wonder what people will think of us now that we are ex-cons; and perhaps a hundred other things we have thought about and planned during our incarceration.

However, despite our negative feelings we must not take them out with us. We have to adjust ourselves to the reality of being an ex-con out there, and concern ourselves only with the things necessary to succeed in society. The more we can do for ourselves while here the better chance we'll have out there. Sure, we may be able to obtain employment via friends and influence, but if we are not ready, mentally and technically, to undertake the responsibility and the strains we will encounter, we will 'blow' the job in time. And then bang, we will feel sorry for ourselves and blame society and the 'square johns' for not giving us a break.

If we are sincere about rehabilitation, then we must work hard to acquire the knowledge and skills in our chosen fields, to gain confidence in our ability, and thus assert ourselves out there--- whatever the dream may be.

NEW ON THE MARKET--Mink checkbooks to match milady's mink coat Cufflinks with thermometors, one centigrade and one Fahrenheit Portable nylon buildings, just blow up the ribs and you've got yourself a house.

* * * *

SKEPTICISM REVISITED

by Mark O'Keefe

Four stanzas of verse entitled, The Skeptic, appeared in the Dec. '64 issue of The Courier, (a worthy contribution to the penal press published by the inmates at Maryland Penitentiary), and since skepticism is such an essential part of our criminal philosophy, further analysis is warranted.

For that reason, the verse has been reproduced below in italics, exactly, (including sequence and punctuation), as it was printed in The Courier. I hope that Ed Metcalfe, the author, will not object to a few skeptically oriented comments of my own.

The Skeptic

*The Skeptic is a fellow who
will not believe because you do.*

True! And this is *only* reason, Skepticism is a philosophy of negation, and being completely bereft of positive theories must, perforce, attack the concepts of others.

*who won't believe that night is day
just because it happens to be la
mode;
the conforming thing; the current
cliche.*

TRUE! Say, "Good morning," to a skeptic at 2 a. m., and he's prepared to argue the point vehemently.

*He has the gall to stand and fight
when someone tells him black is
white.*

TRUE! The Ku Klux Klan is one excellent example. Those who persecuted

the advocates of vaccination were another.

*Imagine that! The silly fool! He
should know he can get along much
better
in our well-adjusted society saying
Yes! Yes! Yes! obeying every
rule.*

TRUE! He should know, but he doesn't. The compulsion that leads him to doubt all, leads him to deny all; to cry out, "No! No! No!" and break the rules simply because they are rules.

*Those foolish men! They wouldn't
believe Galileo, Columbus or Soc-
rates**

TRUE! The confirmed skeptic would never believe Galileo's theories because they hadn't been proven. The confirmed skeptic sneered at Columbus' affirmative belief that the earth was round; and the confirmed skeptic still refutes the Socratic notion that truth and beauty are worthwhile goals because their benefits are intangible.

*They had their doubts...just would
n't agree to what everybody knew
was Common Sense; Scientific
Truth; The Absolute and Unargu-
able Word! You see?*

TRUE! The Greek philosophers carried their skepticism to where it denied the existence of the universe in rather direct opposition to common sense. Other skeptics denied, (and still do deny), Dalton's theory of atomic structure and Darwin's ideas of evolution;

and the unarguable words, "Love thy neighbour," soon fell victim to skeptical assault.

A Skeptic is a fellow who misdoubts unless it's proven true

TRUE! And then is forced, to doubt, in sequence, the proof, the proof of the proof, the proof of the proof, ad infinitum.

He sees things as they truly are not as you and I and they would like them to be.

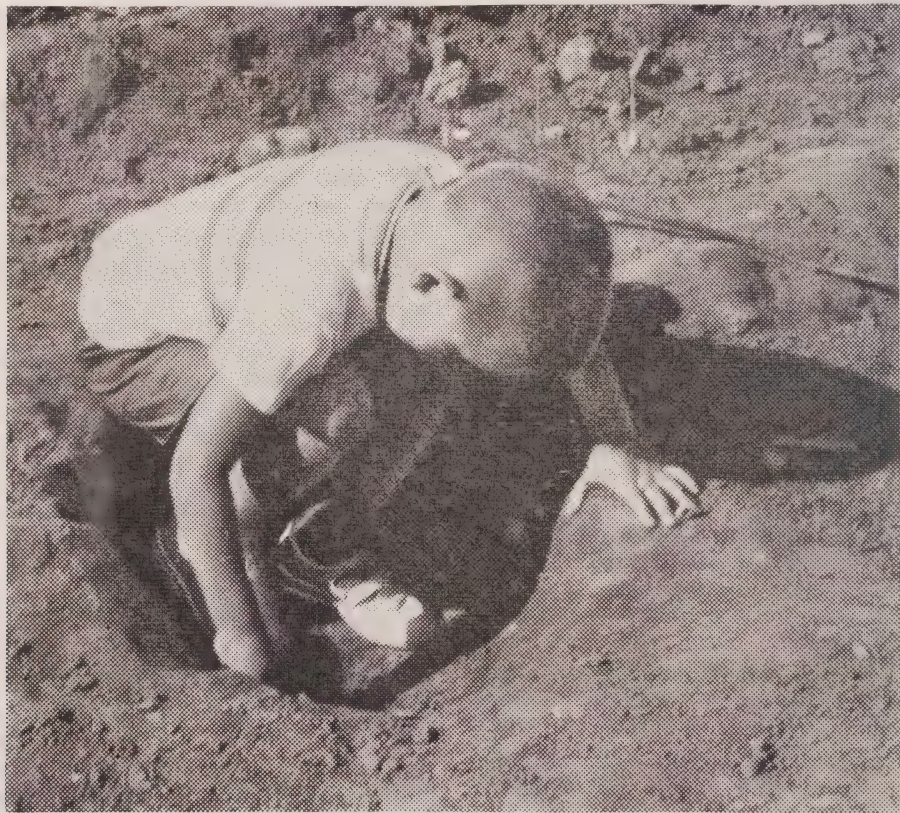
FALSE! A confirmed Skeptic must disagree, since to admit seeing things as

they truly are, would establish the infallibility of our senses, and sense perceptions have always been the primary targets of skeptical inquiry.

Oh, what fools those skeptics are!
TRUE! Double TRUE!!
Triple TRUE!!!

Your turn Mr. Metcalfe.

*It was undoubtedly the author's intention to have a period or exclamation point after the word; "believe", but the comments would remain substantially unaltered.



"Now, I know I saw pop digging here before the policeman came for him. . . ."

Floor Hockey Race Grows Hot As Season Nears Playoff Dates

Our present floor hockey season half over, we find the fight for first place developing into a real battle. Although the Leafs at present hold a seven point first place cushion, the loss of their prolific goal scorer, Mike Hoolihan, on discharge, will pose a real problem to manager Carter, and they will be hard pressed to hold on to the top spot.

The teams are now shaping up, and the players evenly matched, thanks to Commissioner Andy Toop's show of impartiality and awareness of the game.

Each team now have 12 players, the only men in the pool being new comers. Toop's idea is to give everyone that wants to, a chance to play. This system should prove successful in more ways than one. It will tend to ease the tension and tempers of the players from long periods spent on the floor. It will also step the pace of the game up some, having fresh line changes more often.

The word from Bugs O'Neal is that he no longer intends to vie for the 'Most Gentlemanly Player' award. He says he is tired of taking all those hard checks.

Little Lorne Alberts holds 4th place in the scoring race over those two guys with the shortage of feathers. He has one of the hardest shots in the league. Must have been that year on the weights that helped, eh Lornie?

Abraham is really moving now, with 44 goals. The guy that should get a star every game for effort is Chuck McCarthy. This guy really digs for that puck. Carter has Doug Marsden out of the nets now, and playing on the forward line. This is like releasing the atom bomb. He goes only 225 lb.

All in all, the sport is enjoyed by everyone and the sportsmanship and refereeing is of the highest caliber.

Following is the team standings and vital statistics.

TEAMS:	W	L	T	Pts
Leafs	15	6	0	30
Red Wings	11	9	1	23
Hawks	8	12	1	17
Canadians	6	13	2	14

LEADING SCORERS:

PLAYERS	G	A	TP
McKay	37	23	60
Abraham	44	8	52
O'Neal	46	8	50
Alberts	30	18	48
Singleton	29	16	45

MOST PENALIZED PLAYERS:

PLAYERS	Min.
O'Neil	158
Abraham	41
Dillon	32
White	29
Ferguson	28

Warriors Running Away In Basketball Play

Paced by Herman and Don Scott, the Warriors appear to be a runaway winner in the Basketball League, with 22 points. The league leaders have rolled up a total of 11 wins against a single loss, suffered during the early part of the season. Trailing them by ten points, in second place, are Andy Toop's Trotters.

The third place Celtics have a chance to overhaul the Trotters for second place, trailing them by only three points. But the hapless Lakers seem a cinch to be left out of the playoffs. They have a one win, 11 loss record.

Toop has caught Herman in the individual point race, leading the Warrior forward by 30 points, 179 to 149. Herman is being threatened for his runner-up spot by team mate Scott. The tall Warrior center has 145 points, only four behind. The rest of the point ma-

kers trail the Big Four a considerable distance, with Lorne Alberts in fifth spot, almost 50 points off the pace.

Standings and point scorers, as of February 23, are as follows:

TEAMS	W	L	T	Pts
Warriors	11	1	0	22
Trotters	6	5	0	12
Celtics	4	7	1	9
Lakers	1	9	1	3

LEADING POINT GETTERS:

Toop	179 pts.
Herman	149 pts.
Scotts	145 pts.
Alberts	96 pts.
Marks	84 pts.
Larue	66 pts.
McDonald	65 pts.
Barber	62 pts.
Fines	62 pts.
Capirechio	48 pts.

... Voice of an Ex-Convict

'..... And yet I managed to accustom myself to the jail's routine and with physical exercise and fairly hard mental work I kept fit They are essential in jail for without them one is apt to go to pieces One begins to appreciate the value of little things in prison. One's belongings are so few, and they cannot be added to easily or replaced: one clings to them and gathers up odd bits of things which, in the world outside, would go to the waste-paper basket.'

**Jawaharal Nehru, describing
life in prison with Ghandi**



“Where’s all this ‘mollycoddling’ I’ve been hearing and reading about?”

Return Of The Wayfarer

By Lex Schrag

(Reprinted from the Toronto Globe and Mail)

On a cold, wet day in the early spring of last year, a senior civil servant who lives in southern Toronto Township was driving home from the city.

He overtook a man trudging through the rain without a raincoat. The senior civil servant offered the soaked pedestrian a ride. The man accepted, reluctantly.

Presently, he asked his host to pull the car to the shoulder of the road.

"Look," he said, "I'm just out of the penitentiary. I've served nearly 15 years because I killed a man in a fight. I'm grateful for the ride, but I don't want to take it under false pretences."

"Well," said the civil servant, "come on home with me and get dried out and have a bite to eat."

Later, the wayfarer explained that he was on his way north to get a job in the bush. He had learned a trade in prison; he was clinging to the cash he would need to buy a license to practise his trade.

He stayed in the civil servant's comfortable home for the better part of a week, helping with alterations that were being made. He left with his host's blessings, enough cash to carry him north, and a collection of clothing the neighbours had donated.

He promised to write. Month after month went by and there was no word

from him. His Toronto hosts had given up hope he would write when he put in an appearance a week after Christmas.

He brought out of the bush a coffee table he had carved in his off-hours, a handsome piece of work. He insisted on paying the civil servant every cent he had been given. He explained he had lost the address and that a letter he wrote was returned.

He came to Toronto for some dental work, and to arrange for a correspondence course that will improve his financial prospects.

Shyly, the burly man who had spent 15 years in the penitentiary handed his hosts his bankbook. It showed a credit balance of \$5,000.

"That," said the woman of the family, "was the best Christmas present I have ever been given: to know that we helped that man begin a new life."

The London Times on Profitability of British Vices:

"If the British people were not addicted to drinking, smoking and killing each other in their fast motor cars, the Government would find its pockets remarkably empty."

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Diamond Fiction

No Traveller Returns

by RHA

*"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, - - puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."*

— *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 1.

— *Shakespeare*

The pathway to escape has many devious turns,
and often the runner discovers, too late, that
the haven is more intolerable than the danger . . .

Joe Williams was cold and hungry. He could not recall ever having been so cold and hungry in his life. But it was not the cold alone that made him tremble so violently, nor was hunger solely responsible for the fiery tightness in his belly. He was also frightened.

The gray-lead sky, having hovered ominously over his head all that day as he slogged and fell and crept through the brush, had now retreated in sullen darkness. The yellow light, strained through the filthy globes of the street lamps, fell weakly on dirty snow and did little to separate shadow from blackness. He was grateful, though, for this much of an advantage. It was dangerous enough walking on the open residential street, minus coat or boots, without the contention of sharp lights to accentuate and expose his condition and presence. The windows of the neat, anonymous subdivision houses glared warmly and Joe Williams desired the security and friendship of his own home, still 200 miles distant. They're all made of wood, stone, metal and glass, he thought a little indistinctly, but 200 miles made the difference between safety and danger.

A shaft of cold wind poured through the channel of the street, and he shivered violently as it wrapped itself around him. A groan escaped from his lips and all at once he was drained and without will. His head felt light and his ears and cheeks burned with a strange heat. Vaguely, he realized that he had a fever. He muttered half aloud, in a tight despair, "What's the use?" Without willing it, he turned into the pathway to the nearest house. He could think only of warmth and food.

He took only four steps before he stopped. Suddenly, his head was clear, and he cursed his momentary weakness. No, he had not come this far just to give himself up. He would not go back. He would die first. He would make it to the city or die in the attempt.

But he could not walk 200 miles. What then? With determination and method, he placed one numbed, wet foot in front of the other. His mind remained clear. Perhaps he could strongarm someone; take their money and get a car. The sudden thought frightened him with its inevitability and cold logic. He found himself searching

both sides of the street through narrowed eyes. It was deserted.

He shook his head. What had he been thinking of? What a stupid, dangerous thought. They were all over the area. He had been more lucky than smart in avoiding the patrols in the woods. If he slugged someone, it would not take them long to guess he had done it. Right now they thought they had him trapped out in the bush. They would not imagine he might be lucky enough to filter through the numberless cordons of the state police, sheriffs' deputies, and assorted law officers and volunteers. He had, though, and there was no sense in alerting them to the fact. Yet, he had to do something. What? What?

Almost as though in answer, he saw the newspaper protruding from the snow bank. The heavy, half exposed headline caught his eye at once.

"MUGGERS STRI---"

He pulled it all the way out.

"MUGGERS STRIKE AGAIN." Under it, in smaller type: "Police Chief Warns Citizens to Stay Off Dimly Lit Streets."

He grinned. There was his answer, ready made. They would not suspect him after all. He no longer felt hesitant, and the cold and hunger was forgotten in the bath of excitement. Now, he had to find someone.

The torrential pounding of blood ebbed for a moment. He looked again at the sodden paper. That explained why the streets were so deserted. Perhaps no one would happen by. The mysterious muggers had provided an answer, but had also made its application difficult. He turned a corner. The street was even darker.

Suddenly a pair of dull headlights sprang up from behind him. He tried to draw closer to the banked snow, praying desperately that it might not be the police. The car drew closer and appeared to be slowing down. Momentarily, he thought of diving into a snow bank. But they must have seen him by this time, and such an act would certainly bring even an innocent motorist's attention to him. He walked on, clutching the lead pipe he had used to slug the jailer 10 hours earlier under his shirt front.

The vehicle slowed even further and a thousand alarms seemed to sound in his body. He thought again of running but held himself. His heart leapt suddenly in his chest and he stopped still. The car was pulling up to the curb. He could see now that it was not a cop's car. The guy was stopping in front of a darkened house, three doors ahead of him. His hand trembled on the bar; he quickened his pace slightly. What luck. What unbelievable luck. If he worked it right, he would not only have money, but a car as well.

The driver was getting out of the vehicle, apparently unaware that he was not alone. Joe Williams walked casually, but quickly and quietly, across a cleared path to the rear of the car. As he approached the curb, a doubt crossed his intentions again. But there was no other way, and like an encouraging beacon, a vision of his wife and two small children passed through his mind. He had never attached any strong emotion to their presence before, but now, all at once, he wanted nothing more than to be with them again, to stay with them forever.

His heart almost choked him as he

ot slipped coming off the curb, but he quickly recovered himself. He was three feet away before the driver became aware of him. The man turned startled, and Joe Williams felt a laning sympathy with the stunned expression of fear on his face just before he brought the heavy bar down on his head.

The night seemed to erupt into an explosion of activity and sound. The back door of the car sprang open and a black object catapulted itself upon him. Another shadow came at him from the side, smashing against him, and he was staggered by a third weight from behind. In the split seconds left to him, he groped for an answer, but there seemed to be none and his mind locked in frustration. He sensed only that he had to get away. He raised the bar, but that was all. A dull, heavy pressure seemed to form at the back of his head and the struggle dissolved into hundreds of sparkling fragments.

His mind appeared to be floating in an ocean of darkness, without connection to his body. From a long way off, he heard men talking:

"We got one of them," the first said breathlessly. "Turn the night on 'em and see if you can recognize 'em."

"He's too big to be a kid, like we thought," a second voice said, disappointed. "Lemme see, now--Hey, what the hell, it's a nigger. Yeah, a Nigger, and I think I know him, too. It's that Joe Williams what escaped from Hattiesville County Jail this mornin'. I remember his picture being on the TV. I thought they still had him trapped out in the bush."

"Uh," a third voice grunted. "He won't have to worry about doing no county jail time for any sit-in strikes. He done cracked Pete's skull like an eggshell."

A groan escaped from Joe William's unconscious body even before the two kicks caught him in the ribs and head.

'There are people who are strangely constituted. These are criminals who'll work like beavers to contrive schemes that land them in prison and they no sooner get out than they start all over again and land in prison again. If they put as much industry, as much cleverness, resource and patience into honest practices, they would make a handsome living and occupy important positions. But they're just made that way. They like crime.'

W. Somerset Maugham

'There's an old saying among lawyers that if the facts favor your client, stress the facts in your argument: If the law favors your client, stress the law in your argument: If neither law nor fact supports your client's position, attack opposing counsel or even the judge himself!'

Arnold Schlossberg

Notes From Around The World

(UPI)--A 23-year journalist in Augsburg, Germany, was fined 150 Marks (\$37.50) for exhibiting in public a girl wearing a topless bathing suit. The girl went free.

* * * *

(UPI)--Judge Oswald MacLeay in London refused to allow a four-year-old by the name of Linda to testify at the trial of Henry Corke, who was hauled into court by his neighbor after an argument.

Linda is a chimpanzee and Corke said the neighbor claimed she was offensive. He wanted to prove to the court she is "quiet and well-behaved."

* * * *

(UPI)--Three safecrackers dined on bread, wine, fried sparrow meat, cheese and dessert when they failed to open a safe in a restaurant in Santarem, Portugal.

* * * *

(UPI)--Duston, England fireman took 90 minutes to release a man found trapped between bars at the post office.

The 24-year-old later was ordered held in custody on a charge of breaking into the building.

* * * *

(AP)--Guards at the Richmond County Jail in Augusta, Ga., used tear gas to force 29 prisoners to return to their cells after the prisoners demanded to see the completion of a television program. The name of the program in which they were so interested? "The Fugitive."

* * * *

VENICE, ITALY--A court in this country upheld a 21-year sentence plus three years of mental treatment for Fortunato Crisovich, 83-year-old, on conviction of death of a fellow poorhouse inmate, Robert Zardini, 47, in jealousy over a 24-year-old nurse. When the old prisoner heard the judge's sentence, he said, "Is that all? I expected life."

* * * *

OREGON STATE PRISON--William W. Snow, an inmate of this state's penitentiary, sued Warden Clarence T. Gladden on the grounds that he had been taken off his special diet while being held in solitary confinement.

* * * *

Local Chess Players Meet Outside Teams

The Collin's Bay Chess Club packed a wealth of action in the two months following the first of the year.

In addition to crowning the club champion, they marked a first in Collin's Bay history by taking on two outside chess teams.

Marko Belich on the championship, going through eight games with seven wins and a tie, to edge out Dave Aue, who suffered a single loss at the hands of Belich. Following the two top men were Norv Bell, Vince Lepetina, Carl Huber, and Domany.

Barry Myerscough took the Second Division Championship, sweeping through competition with five wins. He was trailed closely by Dave Valiant.

In outside competition, the club met a team from Scarboro at the end of January, and the Kingston YMCA team, the first week in March. It was the first time for most players against outside competition, and though both outside teams proved too strong for the locals, they received a great deal of praise from their civilian opponents.

The Scarboro team brought in three class A players and two B players. All were provincial and national calibre.

The Kingston team, lead by Dr. G. Danilov, brought in an assortment of rated and unrated players. It was the

only match in which players were matched against each other. Included among the Kingston players was a woman pawn pusher.

The match with the Scarboro Club was arranged by Lex Schrag of the Toronto Globe and Mail, and Alex Knox, who was tournament chairman for the 1964 Canadian Open Tournament. Others who came were Howard Ridout, president of the Metro Chess League, and co-chairman with Knox, for the '64 Open; Tom Carleton, tournament director for the Metro and Ontario Chess Leagues, Roy Gosby, and Lt. Cmdr. Alex Patric.

Mr. Ridout also provided a demonstration of Kriegspiel for the local players, and a speed match was demonstrated by Knox and Carleton.

The Collin's Bay team came up with two wins and a tie with the Kingston group, in ten games, and might have done a little better if Collin's Bay players had been a little more familiar with the timing clocks.

Both meetings with outside teams received wide coverage in provincial newspapers, and on radio and TV. Both visiting groups expressed pleasure and satisfaction, both with competition and their reception. Following the Scarboro match, Lex Schrag wrote the *Diamond*:

"Glad to hear the boys enjoyed the chess session. So did the Scarboro lads. Alex Knox, the red-headed traffic officer, was particularly enthusiastic."

Mr. Ridout later wrote the *Diamond*, also expressing his enjoyment of the meeting.

Dr. Danilov expressed similar sentiments following the match between the YMCA and the locals.

Belich proved too much for competition in the club tournament. His steady play gained him the crucial win over Aue, and he salvaged a loss in a game with Zuber, settling for a draw, to give him the title by a half point. Bell came on strong, but suffered a couple of last minutes losses and a draw to fall back. Vince Lapetina was also a quick starter winning three in succession, but then dropped as many in the next three starts.

Club play is undertaken under rather difficult condition, with matches being

played in the aitorium, making concentration difficult, and noise often determining factor in some of the games.

Meetings with the outside teams were held in the school classrooms, where conditions proved ideal.

Success of the outside meetings was contributed to by the efforts of Hu Macey, Jim Edmunds, the Steward, the kitchen gang, and the Administration. Assistant recreation supervisor, Macey, was especially instrumental in completing physical arrangements for the first match, with Scarboro. Recreation supervisor Edmunds, made the contact for the YMCA match.

Inmate cleaners for the auditorium and the kitchen, with the approval of Stewards Chris McLeod, and Poitru helped in cleaning and setting up the classrooms, and serving coffee, cookie and sandwiches to guests.



"See, I told you there were people like us on the
otherside."

ODDS and ENDS

From The Editor's Desk

Corruption is a way of life for many Latin Americans and they do it with me flair, Merele Miller says in a piece headed Tranquilized in Latin America, the current Harper's Magazine. He ves this illustration:

"Mythical interviews were held to find out how much each of three nationals would charge to take the first step to the moon.

"The American said: \$15,000 to pay life insurance for my wife."

"The Frenchman said: \$15,000. That \$7,500 for my wife and \$7,500 for my mistress."

"The Brazilian said: I want \$17,000. '\$17,000?'" said the interviewer.

"\$17,000," said the Brazilian. \$10,000

for me, \$5,000 for you, and \$2,000 for the damned fool that's going to take my place."

David Brinkley, in the current issue of Atlantic Monthly, writes of Lyndon Baynes Johnson:

"The President persists in believing that mass happiness is truly possible, that it is economic in origin, that if a society is prosperous and just, there is no reason why it should escape any man's pursuit."

"Why, sure, they're rich over there," the young co-ed exclaimed on returning from Europe. "Why almost everybody drives a foreign car."

Definition: "A parole is like a payroll; it depends on how big it is." Ed Soper, 1964.

Two Nebraska prison inmate furniture factory workers turned over to prison officials \$237.50 they found in a desk sent to them for refinishing.

"There can be no equal justice when persons are forced to stay in jail before their trials not because they are poor risks but because they are poor."

Robert F. Kennedy

"The first prison I ever saw had inscribed on it: 'Cease to do evil — learn to do well.' But the inscription was on the outside and the prisoners couldn't read it."

George Bernard Shaw

Ex-Cons Organize Self-Help Group

(The following article was submitted to the Diamond by Gordon C. MacFarlane, through the John Howard Society of Ontario.)

It was eight o'clock on a Monday evening, April 20th, 1964 and in the Board Room of the John Howard Society at 168 Isabella, seated around the board table were eight or ten ex-inmates and three workers of the John Howard Society. The topic of discussion was whether or not a group could be organized and what would be its purpose.

As the evening ran its course, one thing was clearly stated and agreed upon by one and all, and that was no one had any intention of serving any more time behind those grey walls.

Most of the fellows seated around the table have up to this time been successful in remaining on the outside for a number of years and holding good jobs. Like many others who were not present at this meeting, the question was asked. "What was the deciding factor that brought about such a change in their thinking, so much so that they were content to carry a lunch basket rather than a gun or a grudge?"

This was bantered about for awhile and the conclusion was reached that most of them had attained a certain level of straight thinking. Others had

just resigned themselves completely to the fact that the type of life they had been living in the past was a useless and unfilling one.

This is also maturity.

Then there are those who are just on the brink of deciding which way to go. This, of course, can only be determined upon the breaks they receive on their release and also on how much get-up-and-go they have themselves.

It was at this point of the meeting that the purpose of a group such as could be formed by fellows like ourselves became fairly clear to one and all. We decided that each Monday night, with the exception of holidays we would meet as a group; elect a slate of executive officers; formulate some basic aims; and get a larger attendance. Our three basic aims are:

1. To develop and maintain straight thinking.
2. Broaden our social circle.
3. To help ourselves and others meet and associate with others more comfortably.

Everyone in the group accepts that the biggest problem facing a man coming out of prison is loneliness. This can be overcome to a certain extent by attending a group such as ourselves where he will feel more at ease in meeting persons with similar experience and

background. It is the purpose of this group to see that we have as many outside contacts as possible attend our meetings, either as speakers or as guests, with the objective in mind of their also becoming members of our group. In this way the ex-inmate is able to meet and associate with people from the community.

At our last meeting, although this has been kicked about on several occasions, it was decided that what we really need is publicity - not for the individual, but for the group so that its existence can be made known.

It is the hope of every member of this group that we can eventually bring about a better understanding with prospective employers and with

the public in general through our association with them in our meetings. It is also our intention to set up some sort of social activity in which the group can take part and by this way provide an alternative entertainment to some of the hot spots in town, which are the surest road back.

Any one who is sincere in wanting to remain out of prison is welcomed to become a member of this group. The only contribution they are asked to make is that, if they have any suggestions as how to better the organization of the group, they do this; because not only are they helping themselves but they are also helping others to follow.



"These parole applicatons are getting tougher and tougher....."

Sounds Good...

... But Is It True

About twenty miles outside Moscow is the world's perfect prison - perfect in that it turns out self-respecting, skilled, responsible citizens, and not fugitive, embittered, broken men. In the first place, the word "prison" is not used, nor the word "prisoner". There are no cells, no bars, no guards, not even a wall. But the 3500 boys and young men who live there have all been thorough-going criminals and are serving sentences for every known crime from petty thievery to murder.

The Soviets are implacable environmentalists. They insist that environment alone is to blame if young people take to crime. If the environment is improved, character will likewise improve. So when offenders come to Bolshevo, they are kept busy going to school learning to be skilled workmen, learning to swim and dance and govern themselves. Their labor in the factory is paid for on the same basis as work done by free men. Half their salary goes toward their clothes and board and keep. They can spend the remainder in Moscow if they choose and on anything they like.

A self-sufficient commune has grown up about the place. The older boys with good records are allowed to mate or marry with women from outside. Such mating is, in fact, encouraged, and each couple is provided with private living quarters. There is a splendid school for children in these menages.

The results of this policy is that over 800 members of the commune are married and 1800 children laugh and sing around the "prison" grounds.

There is a hospital, excellently equipped. A movie and theatre play to packed houses every night. So ideal and carefree is life at Bolshevo that the directors problem, as at a circus school, is to persuade his men to leave when their sentence is up. But when the graduates do leave they have become so imbued with the feeling of responsibility for the good name of Bolshevo and the general welfare of Russia that they are almost invariably the most honorable and the most industrious and valuable citizens in any community into which they, and their wives and children, move.

During the huge celebration on November 7, members of the state schools and labor unions in Moscow marched by Stalin's reviewing stand in Red Square. He saluted them all, proud as they passed. But when a regiment of 1,000 Bolshevo boys - 1,000 ex-criminals - marched before him with their eyes shining, banners waving and band playing, Stalin and all his ministers cheered and cheered, and the tears streamed unrestrained down their leathery cheeks.

On March 23, 1943, this article appeared in the Southern Michigan State Prison, Spectator.